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Labor's Second Round Negotiations

IT IS ESSENTIAL in discussing the next moves and prospects for union labor in this country to distinguish three aspects of the problem: the immediate wage demands; strikes and methods of adjudicating industrial disputes; unions' place in the whole operational picture.

Now that the coal crisis has subsided the focus is directly on a new wave of wage demands. Most prominent have been CIO and UAW statements calling for sizable wage increases without increases in prices. From the management side two reactions have been registered. Spokesmen for automotive manufacturers and other big companies immediately affected protested bitterly; they cited corporation reports of recent months to discount the claim of gargantuan profits alleged by union leaders; they objected to Mr. Nathan's use of the 1936-1939 period, when 7,000,000 were unemployed, as the CIO's yardstick for adequate corporate profits.

On the other hand there were indications that in some large industries, at least, a compromise figure would be reached without further strikes. Union negotiations with the nation's major meat packers provide a hopeful example. Then a considerable number of business executives from the middle west allowed as how business had been pretty good and that therefore a wage raise of from 7 to 10 percent would be feasible in many enterprises. Once the principle of a prosperity, cost-of-living increase has been recognized, the obstacle of arriving at a compromise figure is not insuperable.

But this is hardly the prospect in the automotive industry, for example. With the Big Three, where tough management is the unbroken tradition, facing the aggressive Auto Workers under dynamic Walter Reuther, a head-on collision seems unavoidable. Management violently resents such aspects of the Reuther proposals as wage raises without price increases on the basis of past and estimated profits—on the grounds that it is interference with management as much as because of being unwilling to accept the Reuther mathematics. Particularly galling is the Auto Worker idea of standardized pay throughout the industry, with an equalization fund to prop up those companies less able to pay the standard wage rate. Contracts are soon up for negotiation in steel, textile, rubber, oil, shipbuilding and the electrical industry, but it is difficult to find a gloomier prospect than that which faces the auto industry. And great numbers of the consuming public are by now quite resigned to indefinite use of their old cars.

That brings up the second aspect of the labor situation. What is going to happen in those industries where management and worker representatives remain at odds? Some new labor legislation is in the cards, but there is no indication that Congress will come up with any over-all solution of the strike problem. Politicians as well as managers and union leaders shy away from any idea of compulsory arbitration. The most that is in prospect in this area in Washington is a series of federal mediation boards whose decisions are non-compulsory. Provisions for cooling-off periods might have a more compulsory character, while amendments to the Wagner Act dealing with secondary boycotts, foremen's unions and employers' contributions to welfare funds controlled solely by the unions would take some of the edge off the unions' offensive strength. Observers agree, however, that the Republican Congress is vote-conscious enough not to burn its labor-vote bridges at this juncture.

All this leaves the strike problem nearly as much up in the air as it was on VJ Day. It also brings us to the third and most fundamental aspect of the problem. During the past ten years, as often happens in a war period, there has been considerable shifting of the economic scales; increase in farmer and worker income resulted in a more equitable distribution (a fact that is generally true, although such groups as teachers and white collar workers have not been able to keep

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up with the rise in living costs). A still more equitable distribution is desirable. How can the workers attain it?

One approach is to keep up an unrelenting pressure, with each new contract exacting further wage increases regardless of the consequences. It is debatable whether in the long run this would permit the maintenance of a high level of real wages, or if many companies could continue to function in the end.

Another is to try a more intricate tack—one that would appear to be most difficult where management is as jealous of its prerogatives as it is in Chrysler, Ford and General Motors. The line we advocate is consistently to seek a partnership with management, a sharing of rights and responsibilities which would obviate both business resistance to just worker requirements and excessive wage demands. Since teamwork under accepted leadership has proved to be the key to efficient productivity, the supplanting of management-labor class strife by genuine industrial partnership is the only possible avenue to American industrial harmony. Adequate labor representation on boards of directors would be one of the principal signs.

Instead of two teams equally determined to win no matter how many noses and heads are broken, we need in each enterprise a single team on which the major decisions are taken in the interests of all. This cannot be set up by legislation. To attain it will be difficult in the extreme. Only the joint and mutually confident efforts of both workers and managers to this end can bring whole-hearted collaboration into being. In the long run, though, industrial disputes cannot be settled by the present method of pitched battle.

Léon Blum

WHEN you stepped out of the elevator at the top of the Radio City building in New York there was a glassed-in terrace; through the glass you did not see New York, you saw only the clouds coming softly against the glass and it was as if you were on a ship entering into the wind driven mist; there was this moment of silence with the city silent and remote—then the waiters were passing cocktails to admirals, generals, consul-generals, political writers, editors, people-who-can-speak-French, people-who-know-how-to-get-free-drinks, and you had to go through all that show and noise, and stand in line, to reach the guest of honor and shake hands with Léon Blum. He stood there, silent because he was tired, remote because he was tired, and, not impossibly, because he was thinking of France, and, not impossibly, because he also had seen the clouds that cross the seas and are also over France. That is one way to remember him, silent, courteous and not part of the crowd.

He must have seemed that way to the Germans when not so long ago they had him in a concentration camp. They must have known that it would be useless to talk to him; that he would not betray. Yet, probably, they thought that he could not sell his country anyway, that he was out of power and always would be out of power. Probably they had listened to their friends in France, to the patriots who, before the war, had said that they would rather have Hitler than Blum. But forget the Germans; their opinion of Blum does not matter.

Americans too were told that Blum had ruined France; all through the war Americans were told that there would be a new France after everybody who had betrayed France had been shot: there would be a new united France, the France of the Resistance Movement, the French Republic number IV. In that new France there would be none of the old men, none of the hesitating, arguing, futile old men of the past. There would only be men who knew what responsibility meant and could assume it, men forming parties that could assume responsibility, parties that would never again get lost in party politics because they would remember that party politics had so weakened their country that it fell.

But now, after months and months, after elections and elections, after new referendums and new constitutions, France is as divided as it was before. The Communists cannot govern alone: the Popular Republicans cannot govern alone; the two cannot govern jointly. The two cannot find a program on which to unite in order to save France—the France of the Fourth Republic, or any other France.

A few days ago the whole system of parliamentary government came to a standstill. Literally, there was no one who would even attempt to speak for France. The people on the Right looked at the people on the Left and there was silence.

Then the man who had been beaten in the streets one day before the war as he came out of the Chamber of Deputies, the man who had been howled down and cursed, the old man, the old-fashioned socialist, the old-fashioned parliamentarian, the old man tied by all the old-fashioned rules, spoke for France. Léon Blum, representing a minority party, a party which had lost and not gained votes in the last elections, a party which had lost adherents to the Communists on its left, and to the Popular Republicans on its right, assumed the heavy responsibility that the others had only talked about; he formed a cabinet. That cabinet is composed entirely of socialists; it can be overthrown—it may have been overthrown before these lines are read—by the Right or by the Left. The French had better not

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overthrow it because it is the only body that can speak for France. The French have come full circle—back to Blum. Since the division of opinion in France is the division of opinion all over Europe it will be difficult to remedy. It can be remedied by civil war or by dictatorship; but those are remedies which kill. It can be remedied eventually by reason. While the French are reasoning they had better leave current affairs to Blum.

Shelter for the American People

EARLY in December the Bureau of the Census issued a report labeled "Internal Migration in the United States: April, 1940, to February, 1946." Careful perusal of these dull-looking pages will do more to explain our housing headache than almost any other equivalent amount of effort. It will be remembered that during the war—in fact quite early during the war—attention was drawn to the tremendous population shift which the war had produced. An article in THE COMMONWEAL (December 31, 1943) pointed out that no government agency at that time had any exact idea of what this internal migration amounted to, since it was very much to the interest of various groups to falsify the figures and to minimize them. This article suggested that, "With the exception of New York, every large city in the country has had a great influx of people, varying in degree and amount, but probably in no instance less than 10 percent of any given city's former population." It was further pointed out that since most of these migrants were moving from rural and depressed areas into urban and active areas, very few of them would want to go home when the war was over. This was entirely counter to the opinions then officially expressed by such organizations as real estate boards, chambers of commerce, etc. Now the Bureau of the Census report shows how wrong those civic bodies were. It would seem that well over 17,000,000 non-veteran civilians changed their residences between April, 1940, and February, 1946. Of these, not more than 1,200,000 went back home. Thus somewhere near 14 percent of the total non-veteran population has changed county of residence during the war, and of course the vast majority of these people have moved into areas already congested. When we remember that 16 percent was just about the maximum number of vacant city dwelling units before the war, we can understand what this civilian migration alone has done to our available facilities. Add to this the needs of returning veterans and natural increases among non-veterans. Then the picture begins to take on its true proportions and definition.

The first serious attempt at solution, under the egis of Mr. Wilson Wyatt, was almost bound to fail—or, rather, to fall short of adequate achievement—no matter what methods it elected to use. And since, in a period when all the rest of our economy was rapidly being decontrolled, the Government chose a rigid system of controls to stimulate the building of homes, Mr. Wyatt's failure was all the more inevitable. Yet we must grant that he accomplished a great deal, and what we must above all realize is that the problem remains enough to stagger any single man or central organization which attempts to cope with it. Everything indicates that we are determined for the moment to try the historic system of letting the problem solve itself, with a minimum of assists from Government and a maximum play for "free enterprise."

Being the old solution, the almost inevitable result, after a few months of uncertainty, will be adequate homes for the well-to-do and very little for those who cannot afford fairly fancy rents and prices. Long experience shows that unassisted private enterprise cannot take care of decent housing for the economically bottom fifth or third of Americans. For all but owners of profitable slum real estate, the question resolves itself into how to assist best and most serviceably. Perhaps in time some of the emotion induced by the headlines of our new-found freedom of enterprise will have died down, and it will be possible once again to approach the real, long-term problem, which is to make possible in the world's wealthiest nation standards of shelter befitting that nation's dignity.

Dividing Line: Schools

SINCE the war, the Social Democratic Party in Germany, the Socialist Party in France, and socialists in a number of other European countries as well, have grown more sympathetic to Catholics. This is true working both directions. The Christian democratic parties which have developed under various names are, so far, political expressions principally of Catholics, and those parties (although they differ more from place to place than is usually recognized) appear more "progressive" socially and politically and economically than socialists used to suppose would be the case with strong parties of avowed Christians. Reconsidering, and in new circumstances, the European social democrats don't seem to find the Christian democrats too awful. And the new versions of the socialist parties appear to Christians less wedded to the materialist Marxian philosophy than they did before the war, and, in contrast to the communists, they seem to maintain a pleasing sense of individual liberty and a reassuring recognition of the superiority of morality over expediency—of fair play. European

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Christian democrats tend to find community of interest and fellowship with the socialists.

The circumstances, of course, are harsh. Destroyed Europe and the external pressure of Russia almost force a large unity upon the people who want their countries to revive and who recognize the catastrophic character of the Soviet communist system.

How close are the socialists and the Christian democrats, and how firm may their collaboration be for the future? So far, there is no clarity, and no way to make a prediction. The socialists are splitting, and will continue to split into those on the left hand who choose communism before Christian democracy—and before what could be saved of the pre-war régimes; and on the other hand, those who prefer Christian democracy and what is left over of the old system to the going version of communism.

Thus far, no issue has more clearly presented the choice to socialists than the "school problem." It is the question of state, "neutral," secularized schools for everybody alike, *versus* an educational system which provides Catholic and other religious and ideological groups with schools of their own choice which they consider right for their children. In France, of course, it is not principally the socialists who have it in their bones to fight for *laïcité,* but all the heirs of the ancient anti-clericals who were led by the Radical Socialists. The United States is not free from this divisive issue. The "school bus controversy" is closely related to the same thing, and the argument has gone farther in some states. The school problem is something of a test issue to determine if non-Catholics and secularists are genuinely willing to tolerate Catholics and let them go along without a disadvantage. Much of the "tolerance" righteously offered Catholics by secular minded fellow-countrymen is bound to seem somewhat phoney so long as the secularist and Protestant opposes flatly all concessions leading to the rudimentary and primary step of non-secularist education.

In this country the Catholics have a great system of privately supported parochial schools and have not developed much policy of defence nor of counter-attack. THE COMMONWEAL has noted that other countries have worked out this school issue differently, and perhaps better than we have, and just recently we have come upon an excellent description of the Netherlands situation which at this time seems worth retailing in summary words.

After a long historical contest, Holland, in 1917 by constitutional amendment, recognized the principle of absolute equality between "public" and "separate" schools at the primary level, and virtual equality for high schools. When the war came, the business was governed by the Education Act of 1920. On the state side, there are public kindergartens, primary and secondary schools and the state universities; "separated," there are kindergartens, primary and secondary schools established and run by religious communities and by some non-religious agencies, and there are a separate, Catholic, commercial college and a Calvinist and a Catholic university.

In 1939, there were 2,806 public, state, primary schools in Holland, and 5,006 separate primary schools. After the equality principle was established, the trend was away from state schools toward separate ones. As recently as between 1930 and 1938, for example, the number of pupils in the public grammar schools declined from 473,524 to 397,235, while those in the separate grammar schools rose from 770,188 to 845,543.

The central government in the Netherlands pays teachers' salaries and the cost of equipment, while the local commune pays for the buildings. The parents must take the initiative for separate schools. Any group who guarantee a certain number of pupils may establish a school. They must deposit a sum of money with the council of the commune which remains the property of the group and earns them interest so long as the school meets the standards of the law. If the school fails in this, the money is forfeited. State inspectors visit the separate schools in the same way as the public schools. This same system applies to secondary education, except that the central government furnishes separate schools only 80 percent of the cost of salaries and equipment, while the high school (there are actually three kinds of secondary schools) must find the other 20 percent on its own responsibility. On the secondary level, there has also been a discernible trend toward separate schools, but not so marked as in primary education.

Is it more just, freer, more liberal, and, probably, more democratic to have economic, social and patriotic pressure applied to all families so that their children will all go to a secular state-run school, or to have the community extend equal help to all responsible groups of families who have the idea and the initiative to want a school for their children where they can obtain an education which conforms most closely to the best reason and faith of the family? It appears to us largely a lingering and not fully worked out prejudice which prevents socialists, secularists, and self-injuring antagonists of Catholic education from recognizing the superiority of the pluralist system (worked out successfully in one interesting manner by the highly educated, advanced and democratic Hollanders) which clearly supports the initiative and freedom of individuals and families, and, while offering no favors, enforces no penalties.

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Comments of a Convert

Factors that led to the Catholic Church— but how much away from the Anglican?

William Aylott Orton

WITH CONVERTS coming into the Catholic Church, in the United States alone, at the rate of some 90,000 a year, there is surely no lack of conversion stories. Yet each may illumine some bit of the road for somebody, and add its mite to mutual understanding. My own story really begins in the England of the 1890's. Nowadays England is once again a Catholic country, in the sense that Roman Catholics outnumber any other group, including the Established Church. On the other hand, I doubt whether it is, broadly speaking, as much a Christian country as it was when I was young. My home was an ordinary Protestant home, Congregational during most of my boyhood; but it was definitely a Christian home, as I suppose were most American homes of forty or fifty years ago. They are certainly not so now.

By the late teens most of us youngsters were in the usual stage of intellectual revolt, but we had something to try our wits against, and we retained far more of Christian culture than we lost. We knew our Bible, much of it by heart; we knew something of early Christian history, and some elementary theology; as little children our parents had taught us to "say our prayers"; and we were all thoroughly grounded in the Gospel and the life of Christ. (Do you really think, fathers and mothers of today, that you can afford to let your children loose on the modern world without that knowledge? Do you know of anything that takes its place?)

Our teen-age revolt led normally in one of two directions. Probably the commoner was toward agnosticism, but the leading agnostics of my generation were still preoccupied with what were really theological questions — witness Haeckel, McCabe, Frederic Harrison, H. G. Wells, or dear old G.B.S. himself. Neither we nor they ever got so far away from God as to be able to forget about Him: that was the one thing we could not do.

The other direction was toward a more liturgical and traditional form of religion, which meant, of course, the Church of England and the Anglo-Catholic revival. I was more or less associated with that movement for forty years. I am its child, I love it with the deepest filial affection, I shall die grateful to its ministry and its churches in England and America. And though I knew not its earlier persecution, I saw enough of the Kensitites, the riots, the libels, the ecclesiastical and political opposition, to appreciate, as born Catholics cannot, the courage, the devotion, the sanctity of its ministers. What modern Christendom owes to them, in the English-speaking lands, can hardly be over-stated. "They are men" wrote Leo XIII "who from their very office take precedence in learning and authority, and who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

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But precisely because the voice of the liturgy is so strong and so beautiful, it seems to certain minds a siren call. I was one of these. (Nowadays I am reminded of those figures in the Gospel narrative who had obviously concerned themselves not at all with the teachings of Christ, but simply loved the Man. That however is a theological analogy). My early education had been very queer, and very fortunate: it consisted almost wholly of history, music and architecture. It would be difficult to devise a treatment that would render an adolescent more susceptible to the appeal of the liturgy. And I, like many others, was determined not to be charmed into the Church—the Church in question, at that time, being the Anglo-Catholic. There were warning voices, including Ruskin's; and there were what seemed like horrible examples. The many conversions of the decadent and symbolist writers and artists conveyed, most strongly to those who most sympathized, a suggestion of intellectual surrender. Frederic Harrison, whose religiosity was as characteristic as his egoism, says in his reminiscences: "Of all aesthetic delights, I have all through life thought the choral service in a beautiful church in the dusk and almost empty was the most thrilling." Such an attitude, especially in such a case, seemed little short of disgusting. The thought of it certainly helped to keep me outside Roman churches in America. (When I told this to my director, he seemed rather amused. I know now what the joke was.)

But this distrust, or downright fear, of the liturgical appeal, though salutary within limits, can be and often is carried to quite unwarrantable

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lengths: I have seen it at work now in so many cases that I venture what may be thought a dangerous statement. For one thing, the liturgy is itself a great teacher if it is given a fair chance: that was, and is, an essential part of its historic function. For another thing, we have here a case of "cultural lag." When we try to understand ourselves, we are sometimes helped, but just as frequently hindered, by whatever happen to be the current labels and stereotypes. Instead of accepting as frankly, and pondering as sincerely, as we can, our direct and indubitable experience, we force it into the readymade pigeonholes that we have acquired from the intellectual department stores, and casually scrap what fails to fit. In my young day, the most popular pigeonhole was labeled "aesthetic"—by which we understood "hedonistic" and "subjective." We tried to persuade ourselves, just as old Harrison did, that whatever we got out of the liturgical experience went into that box. Some of us succeeded; and having at least a decent respect for religion, quit. But some of us could not do that much scrapping; and then we were in a jam.

It simply was not true that our experience of the liturgy was, in our terms, solely "aesthetic" (we did not know the word "numinous"). If it had been, we should presently have become bored with it; instead, argue as we might, we kept coming back. Spiritual crises come rather frequently to the young. They pity themselves; their elders envy them. They suffer more; they also receive more. There was, in plain fact, poise and peace and consolation obtainable from the liturgy that was not obtainable from any other "aesthetic" experience. How could that be if it were merely hedonistic? After all, there were Dante and Augustine as well as Dowson and Huysmans to consider.

At this point I may throw in an observation that is admittedly not by way of argument. Some of us (I use the plural advisedly) had discovered, purely out of curiosity, the Roman Church—at least its externals. We did not like them. They seemed rather crude and idolatrous, and at that date the scarlet lady was hardly more popular among High-Church Anglicans than she was among Kensitites. I remember well my own discovery, at the age of seventeen. Some youthful crisis had taken me walking miles out into a stormy night. Not far from Ramsgate, on the Kent coast, there was a little Roman chapel with a corrugated iron roof on which the rain made an intolerable noise. The door being ajar, I stopped to rest for a few minutes. There was nothing "aesthetic" within or without the place. No one else was inside, and nothing was happening. That chapel was not empty. . . .

As years went by, this experience was often repeated. In London it was usually in the Chapel of the Sacrament in Westminster Cathedral. In the English (and I think Continental) churches, the Reserved Sacrament has its own chapel on the ecclesiastical north of the high altar; that is perhaps a better practice than the American plan. To such places even strangers sometimes repair; and what happens in them — without service, sound or ceremony—cannot, to my mind, be casually dismissed as "subjective." True, the Sacramental Presence does not *usually* manifest itself in the absence of a certain disposition, but the act of tuning your radio set to a certain wave length does not *create* the signal you receive.

As I said, the foregoing is not cited by way of argument. But it does illustrate that arbitrary limiting of the modes of experience which modern materialism has imposed on us all. Lacking knowledge of the categories within which such experiential material would make sense, my generation tried to dismiss it as merely "subjective." And failed, as sincere tough-minded people must fail. So we were thrown back the more forcibly on the rationalistic approach to Catholic teaching.

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Here we were in an even worse dilemma, because the modern world lacks all understanding of the nature and function of authority. It seemed we must all, each one of us separately, retrace from the beginning two thousand years of Catholic philosophy and apologetics before we could get anywhere. Yet you do not find it written in the Gospel that only doctors of divinity can be saved. When, however, that vain attempt is sincerely and honestly made, a curious thing happens: you discover that it is not the Faith, but you, that are on the defensive—or on the run! Most Catholics know Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" as a great poem; only the convert can appreciate its supreme scientific accuracy.

For obvious reasons, I cannot here (or anywhere else) embark on the philosophical or theological debate. It takes many years, and no amount of popular exposition can make it easy. No good service is done to anybody by anyone's pretending that it can be easy. If you have to go through it, you have to go through it. If you reject the weight of evidence, tradition and authority, you are in for some very hard work, which is fair enough. The great heretics have been incredibly hardworking men; it is surely not their fault that they are not in agreement.

Actually, of course, young people of today absorb irreligion as casually and unconsciously as their predecessors absorbed Christianity. And they absorb it *on authority*. Considering the worldwide mess in which this process seems to have landed them, it is in their own interest that their authority should be challenged. In fact,

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they are now, in large numbers and with surprising vehemence, challenging it themselves.

When it came to the intellectual approach, my generation had at least one advantage: we were educated enough to know when we were dealing with things that lay beyond the reach of the ordinary workaday intellect. We knew, or had been taught, better than to expect the answers to the sort of questions we were asking to be given in the terms of physical or bio-chemical causation. That was something. But the real difficulty for those who are condemned to argue their way back to the Church lies in grasping the proper function of the dialectical process. That function is to discover the ground on which the necessity, and above all, the reasonableness of the act of faith become evident. As every Catholic knows, the Faith is a gift of grace received by an act of the free will. The function of study is to prepare the mind for that act—or for its refusal: one or the other. When that is realized the task becomes at least manageable; and when the goal is attained, though there is plenty more work to do, it is a more fruitful sort of work. Dogma then slips into place as the necessary definition of the Faith; and the liturgy now sings and soars with the best of the wings. No longer need one fear being "charmed" by it; one understands that inner consistency and toughness from which its real power proceeds. Every known mode of human expression is used in the liturgy, and yet we offer it all with a sense of inadequacy. Words are a part of it, but it is evident that words are used in a special sense, somewhat as the mathematician uses letters. It is equally evident that unless we are agreed in our human understanding of them, that is, the sense of the words we use, we shall not constitute a coherent society.

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In trying to define that reality which we apprehend by faith, not by sight, we need a living voice to declare in our language what it practically means to us in the vicissitudes of historical and cultural change. The difficulty most Protestants have with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility springs from their regarding the Church as a merely human society and the Pope as a merely secular teacher or potentate. But that is not the Catholic position. The former American rationalist John L. Stoddard, in his remarkable autobiography (*Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, ch. 14) puts it as follows: "Comprehending that Infallibility does not mean that the Pope is exempt from error in worldly things, but merely that, as the divinely appointed Pastor of Christ's Church, he is protected from the formal enunciation of error in matters of faith and morals, the dogma of Papal Infallibility presented to me no more difficulties. On the contrary, I accepted it with satisfaction and relief."

While the formal enunciation of the doctrine arose in response to a particular historical situation, the principle is as old as the Church itself, and has often been invoked. For example, the adult convert is supposed to know a good deal about the decrees of the Council of Trent. (They are affirmed as part of the profession of faith; whereupon, the convert still kneeling, the priest says for him the psalm de Profundis). Here is one of them (3rd Session, February 4, 1546) in the official English: "This Council is of the belief that there should be given expression to a symbol of Faith which the Holy Roman Church uses, as that principle on which all who profess the faith of Christ must necessarily agree." There follows immediately the Nicene creed, just as it is said in all Anglican churches.

Almost every Anglican minister with whom I have been associated, in England or America, has professed this creed with complete sincerity in its historic Catholic sense: the sense in which it constitutes the inner logic of the liturgy and sacraments. But hundreds of their colleagues do not. Thousands of their communicants do not. Many of their bishops do not. Many of those who have knelt with me at the communion rail have a quite different understanding of the same sacraments administered by the same priest in the same church; and of the nature of the priesthood itself. There are some who say that this well-known variety of views within the Anglican fold constitute catholicity. I could never see that. I could never make sense of Luther's principle of private interpretation except as a byproduct of his very peculiar temperament—which indeed it was, seeing he applied it quite differently to himself and to his followers. It had always seemed to me that the only opinions worth bothering about were such as bear upon matters of fact, and that the only proper result of a difference of opinions in such matters must be that one opinion was accepted as truth and the rest as error. There is a most curious impression abroad that because the fundamental religious affirmations rest upon faith, they cannot possibly refer to matters of fact: an impression that everyday experience in other fields continually belies. To leave matters up in the air is surely not tolerance but ambiguity. It is subjectivism in its most dangerous form; because either it denies (without explicitly saying so) that religion is concerned with matters of fact, or it denies that the matters of fact are of any particular importance.

None the less, there is a strong case for Anglican latitudinarianism. When I look back through forty years on the churches I have known and loved—St. Peter's Broadstairs, St. Luke's

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Charlton, St. Michael's Woolwich, St. Bart's Brighton, St. Barnabas Tunbridge Wells, All Saints Margaret Street, two in Boston, one in New York—I realize, now more than ever, how much I have gained and learnt from every one of them. Their voices harmonize in a chord not quite resolved perhaps, save in the final overtones, but fuller of beauty and significance than anything else those many years have brought. It is natural to think of all these churches as set, so to speak, in a series of concentric circles. The idea has been beautifully put by a French Catholic, Monsignor Baunard, who writes:

> We Catholics believe that beyond and outside of the eternal *body* of the Church, formed by its pastors and their faithful flock, there is, in addition, its *soul;* which, overflowing these limits, embraces the universal society of the just, the reunion of all those who, profiting by the all-sufficient grace which God refuses to no one to effect his salvation, form around the Cross of Christ *at various distances* an immense family—invisible, it is true, to mortal eyes, but visible to those of Him who is their Father in Heaven. . . . To say what is the number of these invisible citizens of the City of God is the work of God alone.

But there is very great difficulty in making practical use of this conception. When Baunard wrote, over a generation ago, it was not so urgent; nowadays the reunion of Christendom is the dominant and compelling concern of every Catholic mind. We cannot escape it. That means that we cannot refuse to face its difficulties.

★

Shortly after my reception into the Roman Church, Fathers Steve and Bob came round—the two priests of the Anglican Church under whose successive guidance and instruction I had spent the last eight years. Somehow the news of my "going over" had reached them. Steve had been away with the Navy since '41 and Bob had followed him with an even more difficult task in the home parish. It was a reunion; we tried to persuade ourselves it was not also a farewell. . . . Presently the conversation went like this:

O: I have no real feeling of separation. I shall go to a different building, I shall hear the Mass in Latin instead of English, I shall be under a stricter discipline; but it is more like going on to do graduate work at another institution on the strength of what you two have taught me.

S: I don't question that that is how you feel, or that you have good reason to feel so. But you must recognize that the net effect of your action amounts to a public declaration that what Steve and Bob have been doing all these years is no good.

O: But that's not in the least my intention.

S: Your intention has nothing to do with it. Look at the Papal decisions. 1928 was absolutely final.

Steve was here referring to the pronouncement of Leo XIII in 1896 denying the validity of Anglican orders, and the ruling of Pius XI which forbade Catholics to take part in further negotiations like those of Malines in the 1920's. Of course Steve was right by the book; and when I ventured a hope that the desire for reunion would somehow find acceptable expression Bob, reluctantly but quite logically, dismissed the prospect as "sheer romanticism." Yet I felt that something rather important had been left unsaid; and it is therefore worth while to add the following passage from an essay by a learned Jesuit recently published by the Paulist Press:

> No Anglican is asked to deny the reality of the graces that he has received in his Anglican Communions. He is only warned that these graces are not technically 'Sacramental' nor due to the 'opus operatum' of a valid sacrament. His Communions are 'Spiritual Communions,' and the Catholic Church recognizes that spiritual Communion, apart from actual reception of the Eucharistic Body of Christ, may be the occasion of immense grace to the soul. That the argument 'from experience' is not a sound one will be recognized at once when we remember that parallel 'experiences' are enjoyed by Presbyterians and other non-Episcopal Christians, the *validity* of whose celebration of the Lord's Supper is denied by Anglo-Catholics.

The writer here discerns the critical issue in the theory of concentric circles. The circles are subject to a double pull—toward the centre and toward the circumference. A careful study of the Malines Conversations and the Lambeth Appeal that preceded them shows that Lord Halifax and his Anglican colleagues, while utterly sincere in their approach to Rome on the one hand, were also concerned to keep open a door to Protestant reunion on the other. In the view of the Vatican it is simply not possible to advance in both directions at once.

★

No convert that I ever heard of has been able to give a complete account of the final transition. There is an almost sonambulistic quality about it. Or it is as if one were standing quite still on a moving platform, with everything else flowing quietly by on either side and nothing to do but wait for the destination. This is probably because the total personality is oriented, and the will resolved, at a very deep level, before either the fact or the process gets up into consciousness. I was under instruction for five months, and I hasten to add that I was very much awake all the time. My directors were two Passionist monks, and they were not selling the Catholic

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Faith at a discount. One of them was instructor of philosophy to the novices, a very keen scholastic. There was plenty of disputation, plenty of hard work. There was also discipline, some of it unexpectedly severe. Nevertheless what I have written above, stands.

With that reservation I may indicate two contributory factors in the final decision. First I will deal with the most personal, as the least lacking in general significance. Had I been a naturally devout person, the sort of person I always admired as a "good Christian," I should probably have never "gone over." Successful men know their excellencies and derive confidence from the knowledge. Others know their own defects. Pius IX once said, "Far be it from us to set bounds to the boundless mercy of God." (Yes, that was Pius IX). Those who were more sure of themselves could perhaps afford to trade on that. But not I. I could afford to take no chances.

But second, a totally different factor. And yet now, I wonder if it really is so different. We are all a part of history as well as our insignificant little selves. Sometimes we wish we were not, since the rôle seems rather tragic. Yet it is perhaps better to have even a tragic significance than none. For some thirty years I had been professionally concerned with economic and political questions, more especially in their international aspect. Ever since the exclusion, by secret treaty, of Papal advice in the previous postwar settlement it had seemed to me that the teaching of the Vatican embodied a more consistent line of decency and common sense in human affairs than one could find in the Quai d'Orsay or Whitehall or the Wilhelmstrasse or anywhere else. I admit, that isn't much of a comparison; and of course, the encyclicals and homilies are not, doctrinally speaking, "infallible" pronouncements. I have simply found myself, on the basis of no little experience, so far in general agreement with them as to accord an a priori respect to their source; which is not simply a particular man, or group of men, but a particular doctrine of man. It seemed hardly logical to accept the conclusions and reject the premises.

Conspicuously did this apply to the problem of international organization. From the failure, or sabotage, of the League of Nations, and the general collapse of Wilsonian idealism, one is forced to conclude that the trouble lay not with the mechanism but with the philosophy. What is needed is not inter-national, but super-national organization. But if super-national organization is to be anything more than a super-state armed with a super-bomb to the end of a super-tyranny, it must embody a more comprehensive, more Catholic, conception of man than is expressed by the conflicting secular group interests. If it is to rise higher its foundations must go deeper: deep as human depravity if it is to scale the heights of human possibility. There is only one such organization. There is only one Gospel of Peace. And as weary feet plod homeward over this bloody earth in which so many of our comrades and our children lie dead before their time, we Catholics have constantly to remind ourselves that hope is enjoined upon us as one of the cardinal virtues. "The sins against hope" says the Catechism "are presumption and despair." That is surely good teaching for this day and age. The Pope did not invent it. It binds him when he goes to confession just as it binds me. We hope with him: not idly, nor in vain.

Brown's Landing

We went up Spider River in boats with guides; Mount Pisgah
was over our right hand and we saw the border
snaking a thin way over the boundary mountains
rose red then in the sun from the new buds of
the hardwoods but mottled dark with pine and fir trees
or purple whenever a cloud passed the sun's face.

At Brown's landing was a sheltered bank from the wind
where the guides built fires. A path by it was a door
to the wilderness. I took the path to see where
it led. After a swamp and a deforested hillslope
and a ridge—a tangle of blow-downs—the path fell quiet
in a thicket of spruces. Ferns were rich on the floor
still to unfurl and the fragrance of bracken of past
years in the air was like fall, spring forgotten.

Higher than this came what may once have been pasture
and there in the mountain's lap, old grass heavy upon it,
spread a vast field. Green tracks crossed it, worn
by no man's feet and the grass there cropped by no
man's beast. In the mud there were marks of delicate hooves.

Beyond a stone wall climbed further fields
with the children of the forest edging into them, but still
cleared fields. Sunlight was tender there, the sky
leaning over, and the wind soft. I thought
here if ever is peace and stillness for keeping.

And at the top of the last field I found a stone
marking a grave. Someone else had felt
the same thing. They'd carried his coffin by road,
water, and woodspath these many miles—for a whim
or for the sum of a lifetime's search or ambition.

At Brown's landing the guides said it was twenty-five
years if a day since those fields knew either plough
or scythe. It takes one generation, the oldest
guide said, to clear a field in these mountains,
one generation to farm it, and one generation
to give it back to the forest.

JOHN SCHAFFNER.

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The Light and the Power

A personal history of the Rural Electrification Administration

Emerson Hynes

IN VIEW of eternity it is really not very important, friends in Manhattan. Besides, it is about something that you already have, something so common that you probably can't imagine life without it. *Electricity*. Just the same, I want to write to you about it. You've been short on meat and you've thought of the farmers with all their steers and hogs and poultry. There's another way of thinking about farmers. They're a group of people, the majority of whom have never had electricity in their homes. There is no Great White Way for half the farmers. Their knowledge of electric light and power is all second-handed. And for those who have it, it's still a fairy story come true, since rural electrification began in earnest just a few years ago.

I've gone through it twice. I know the strange thrill of having daily living suddenly altered by a fine thread of copper. The first time I was young, just starting school. It began with two war veterans, sharing our meals for days, spending the time in between poking wires through the walls of the house and barn. They talked of the war and sometimes my mother pushed me away so that I would not hear. They cautioned me not to touch the fixtures that looked like sherbet dishes. They warned about terrible things if I stuck my fingers in the wall sockets. I remember my uncle saying it was highway robbery —the Company charging us a thousand dollars to hook onto the line. I was impressed. The Company was getting a thousand times as much as I had for pulling mustard from the grain fields during the whole month of June. I didn't know it at the time, but we were certainly among the rural élite. Even four years later, in 1925, only 3.2 percent of American farms were electrified.

My oldest brother was nearing twenty-one and the family had planned a surprise party for the occasion. Every day there was speculation as to whether we would have the lights in time, and when my brother was out of the house, there were telephone calls begging for speed. Promises were given, but the day arrived and there were no lights. I and my next older brother were in the bathtub, after supper, getting the final cleansing before the big party. Kerosene lamps allowed for generous misses behind the ears but we worked diligently on each other. Suddenly we heard a shout — "Lights" — and half a dozen others echoed it. My brother climbed on the edge of the tub and with me, standing in the water, holding him, he pulled the chain. If I am rightly informed, that would be considered undesirable technique today; fortunately nothing happened except that the room was lighted as never before. That was enough for us. Nude as skinned rabbits, we raced around the house, turning on every light. The fever of excitement increased with the arrival of neighbors for the party. The brilliantly lighted house, people playing five-hundred, midnight lunch, my brother receiving a ruby ring and all of us admiring it under the new lights—my memory of it is as fresh as sunrise dew.

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I don't know how soon, but it wasn't long, friends in Manhattan, before I became like you. Electricity was something taken for granted, an unappreciated servant. My brother and I used to quarrel about which one would have to go out to the well-house and start the motor to pump water to the house. Nothing to pump by hand, nothing to carry; just push the button, and still we'd fight to avoid it. Age didn't improve my attitude. The radio, toast that pops up when brown, electric pad on an asthmatic chest, Christmas tree lights, finally an electric razor; a life of plugging in and there you had it; a thousand services provided with the push of a button.

Then came marriage, and if one is married he ought to have a home. And if one is fortunate enough to have work outside the city, he locates that house in the country where there is "space, light and air," a chance to do a little work on the side with soil and animals, and plenty of territory for children to roam. We chose a spot where there was a little group of six families strung along a half-mile road, in the country but still a community. The only drawbacks were the absence of electricity and the imposition of a railroad between our house on the hill and the little stream in the Watch Valley below. Magnanimously, we accepted the train and decided not to interfere with it. Actually, it became something of a friend, a very impersonal friend to be

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sure but one with a gay toot for us every time it went by and approached the crossing. The problem of electricity seemed soluble. The Private Utility had a high voltage line running along the US highway a quarter-mile away. I approached the local representative and talked glowingly of seven consumers in a neat little pocket, all anxious to have service. He laughed at me. They weren't going to put in a big transformer for a few houses and it wasn't worth their time to put in a lower voltage line from the town four miles away. Well, that was that, and we soon discovered that we could get along without electricity. Some of the wedding gifts became useless but otherwise all was well. Kerosene lights proved to have some advantages. If their flames never throw much light, at least they can be adjusted downward to fit conversation and the mood; and Shakespeare's Portia long ago discovered the good properties of the little candle. I pumped by hand all the water for the basement of the house, and even though 130 sacks of cement can get awfully thirsty when mixed with dry sand, it was cheery work. My wife washed clothes outside under the trees, and when the mist drifted into the forest behind us, it was like a chapter out of "Green Mansions." We were young and married and building a house.

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I should make it very clear, friends, that the ever-growing complexities of family life, which make electricity seem anything but a luxury, never caused us to regret our choice for our home. We would rather be a lifetime where we are and without electricity than live in the finest suite in the finest city and with all the electricity we could use free of charge.

I recall an evening last winter when I was reading a big book, straining my eyes by lamplight in the process, which described what a fine spot New York City was for the location of new businesses. All the advantages of your great city were listed, and I confess that it was with a definite streak of envy that I read that in Manhattan 598,356 family quarters were lighted by electricity and only 1,056 by kerosene or gasoline lamps. (I am still curious about those 1,056.) Then I discovered that also in your Manhattan there are 542,034 tenants living in multiple-unit residences with but 10,277 single-family units and only 6,344 families owning the dwellings in which they live. And I thought that a house without electricity misses something, but a house that is also somebody else's house misses more. I am ungracious. I do not mean to deprecate Manhattan, friends, but merely stress that the absence of electricity would not make us or most farm families unhappy if that absence were the inevitable price of our location.

It is not inevitable. Simply as a matter of pride in America's capacity to produce we should know that. And if that faith be not enough, then there is the fact that back in 1935 New Zealand farms were 60 percent electrified and Japanese, German and French about 90 percent; yet the United States ranked just above Soviet Russia with only 10 percent. Somehow, the private utilities were not doing the job, so in May, 1935, President Roosevelt created by executive order the Rural Electrification Administration. It made construction funds available for any utility company, whether private or non-profit; but it was a new type of organization, the farmer-cooperative, that took the initiative. By 1940 only 2 percent of the funds had been borrowed by private utilities; the rest by the farmer owned and controlled co-ops. REA research enabled construction costs to be cut by two-thirds. The farmers paid nothing to connect onto the line. The costs, spread over a twenty-five year period, were being paid out of monthly kilowatt charges, and these rural rates were lower than private utilities formerly charged. In four years the number of farm homes with electricity increased from one in ten to one in four, and today, in spite of delays caused by the war, it is about one in two. Not all the new construction has been through REA. The private utilities, having been shown that rural electrification is possible, have entered into the spirit of the race and are busily engaged in securing contracts for rural construction.

The REA is a success story, like the little farm boys who go to the city and become famous. We are proud of the REA and we want to see it go on and bring its magic to the other half of the farm families. But the REA has enemies. There have been politics in the administration of REA, but even more politics in the effort to eliminate it altogether. The private utilities don't like these REA cooperatives. They would like to establish zones, keeping REA out of regions where private utilities are already located. This would amount to giving the private companies the choice spots; but if REA is to continue with its policy of bringing electricity to every farm family, it must have its share of the farms that are located close together and which use plenty of current; only with these members can they bring electricity to the more isolated homes. Besides, a lot of farmers think that rates would not be as low as they are if the private utilities were servicing alone without REA competition. And some of them even like the idea of owning their company together and knowing that they have the control of it. The danger to REA lies in the fact that further extension is dependent upon Congressmen's willingness to continue loans. The other day we read in our papers that your congressman from New York, Mr. Taber, chairman-to-be

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of the Appropriations Committee, saw "no reason for the REA." I don't hold it against you for being represented by Mr. Taber—I could hardly do so in conscience, for I come from a region that has sent Mr. Harold Knutson to Congress for the last thirty years! But somehow we have the feeling out here that most Easterners, and especially those who live on the same island with Wall Street, don't understand the problems of the farmer and don't sympathize with them when they do. I think we are pretty much mistaken about your attitude, but we'd be much more convinced that we are wrong if you'd get hold of Mr. Taber and your metropolitan congressmen when they are in town and tell them to keep their hands off REA.

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I wonder if you are thinking, friends, that now I shall tell you how the REA rode in on a white horse and brought electricity to our little community. It did not happen quite that way. As I mentioned before, the Private Utility was not interested in us. Then a county REA co-op was established and even during the war it continued to expand. Two years ago its poles pushed within a mile of us. I secured forms and began signing up neighbors. Somehow, the Private Utility heard about it. The representative appeared and asked questions. "Had we sent our forms in yet?" We hadn't. "When did the REA think they would be in?" In late summer of 1946. "We can have it for you in May." I do not blame those who changed their minds and recalled the REA blanks they had signed. They had hungered for electricity so long that every day seemed important. The majority voted to connect with the Private Utility rather than the REA. The outcome of the vote left us no practical choice.

There is a bit of irony to the ending. Spring came and nothing happened. We questioned the general manager of the Private Utility and he was very apologetic. None of his representatives were authorized to promise electricity at any given date. We would have to wait our turn. In June measurements were taken. In another month poles were put in but no wire strung. The representative explained that strikes were causing shortages of transformers but one neighbor reminded him sharply, "This place was all ready twenty years ago. There weren't any strikes then. You just weren't interested until REA came along." The waiting, nevertheless, continued. Many ungentlemanly and unladylike and probably some libelous remarks were made about the Private Utility. Then in early October trucks and men appeared. Trees were limbed, wires strung, transformers set. In three days it was all over and a new pattern of daily living began for another group of rural families. It is something to behold.

Italy Looks at Her Peace Terms

P. LUZZATTO FEGIZ

SINCE the only formal requirement for the Italian Treaty to come into effect is its ratification by the Big Four and Italy, it is important to know what the people most interested in the issue think of the draft. A nationwide poll taken by "DOXA," the Italian institute for opinion analysis, shows that only 17 percent of the respondents believe that the treaty draft should be accepted, while 26 percent favor postponement of the signature, 36 percent say that the Government must simply refuse to sign, and 21 percent are undecided.

In order to explore the areas of ignorance about the essential features of the treaty, preliminary questions were asked, such as *"Do you know the Paris decisions regarding the border with France?"* The answers show that about the French border 43 percent had complete, 30 percent incomplete and 27 percent quite wrong information, while for Trieste and Venezia Giulia 30 percent had complete, 36 incomplete and 34 percent wrong information. The public is well-informed, considering the complexity of the problems.

To the question, *"Which of the amputations decreed by the draft is the most painful to you?"* the answers were:

MOST PAINFUL:	*All Italy*	GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS *North*	*Central*	*South*	*Islands*
Territories at French border..	13.9%	17.8	12.6	9.2	10.5
Trieste and Venezia Giulia	54.2%	52.2	58.9	57.6	40.3
Colonies	18.1%	14.4	15.5	21.8	27.8
Don't know	13.8%	15.6	13.0	11.4	12.4

Those who put Venezia Giulia first are three times more numerous than those who answered that the loss of the Colonies was the most painful. Italians are mourning over that region for many well-known reasons. They obtained it after a war fought as allies of the present Big Four; they lost over half million dead in that war. They were prepared to accept the American line—a modified version of the Wilson line—or even the British line, which gave about half of the Istrian Peninsula to Yugoslavia, but are now confronted with a treaty allotting practically the whole region to Yugoslavia, and Trieste to a Free State whose chances of survival seem rather small.

A breakdown of the answers according to social occupational groups shows that the percentage of people who feel that Venezia Giulia

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is the hardest loss is highest among clerks (68.5 percent) and executives, lowest among farm workers (43.7 per cent).

The number of Italians who deplore chiefly the loss of a few square miles at the French border is comparatively high. What are the causes of such a reaction? Is it because the French demands came as a surprise, and have a strictly strategic character (which fits badly in the picture of a united Europe), or because the newspapers stressed the importance of a large power plant which will go to France? Or because this is old Italian territory, and not a recent accession like Trieste? It is difficult to answer, but probably everyone of those motives plays a part.

★

The loss of the colonies is a cause of deeper concern in the south than in the north, and resented more by hired farm workers than by any other category. The confiscation of Lybia will certainly not help to solve Italy's most serious problem, that of the crowded, resourceless southern provinces; and peace-makers should note that it is the poorest and the less nationalistic class who is regretting most the loss of the only outlets to Italian emigration. One of the reasons which explain the bitterness of Italians toward Britain is precisely the question of Lybia. The British deny it stubbornly to the people who transformed vast areas of desert into orchards, while even France, Italy's traditional competitor in North Africa, favors the return of the colony to Italy.

The opinions of the public—right or wrong—about who is responsible for the harshest clauses of the treaty, explain the various degrees of popularity enjoyed by each of the Big Four. This is revealed also by another DOXA poll. A representative sample of the population was asked: *Which of the four powers* (France, GB, USA, USSR) *do you believe to be best disposed toward Italy?* The answers were: France 1.7%, Great Britain Britain 5.4%, USSR 8.7%, USA 75.8%, don't know 8.4%.

★

It is very interesting to break down the answers to the question about the painfulness of each territorial loss according to political tendency of the respondents. In Italy every party has its newspapers and magazines, in addition to a number of independent "information newspapers," and since the persons interviewed by DOXA are asked to mention up to three favorite periodicals, reliable breakdowns according to "political color" can be obtained for any set of answers. This method is most reliable in Italy:

Which of the amputations decreed by the Treaty draft is the most painful to you?

The answers are shown by the following breakdown by party and area.

	Christian Democrats	Socialists	Communists	Independents
Territories at French border	8.7%	26.7%	27.8%	14.7%
Venezia Giulia	62.1	46.3	30.4	61.7
Colonies	18.9	19.4	25.2	14.8
Don't know	10.3	7.6	16.6	8.8

The above table shows that, whatever the political party, Venezia Giulia is always dearest to most Italian hearts.

To the question, *"If the treaty sanctions the above amputations, what should Italy do?"* the answers were:

Answers	*All Italy*	*North*	*Central*	*South*	*Islands*
Sign	17.2%	20.6%	19.7%	14.2%	5.8%
Postpone signature	25.8	25.6	33.2	21.6	24.5
Refuse to sign	35.6	21.8	18.4	44.3	58.3
Don't know	21.4	22.0	28.7	19.9	11.4

The above table reflects the bewilderment of most Italians before a fateful decision. In view of the harshness of the draft, the number of those who desire rejection of the draft is surprisingly low. The people in Italy, just as in other European countries, have become thoroughly skeptical about charters and ethnic lines, and many fear that a refusal to sign would be only a useless gesture. Others seem to think that, as by signing the treaty Italy would be admitted among the United Nations, the ensuing moral and material advantages might be worth the sacrifice.

The percentage of those who suggest signing does not vary much with age, but there are more people under forty than over that age who think that Italy should flatly refuse her signature. It is not the old people "being stubborn."

The attitude of various political currents is given by the following table:

	Christian Democrats	Socialists	Communists	Independents
Signs	19.9%	30.2%	41.1%	16.0%
Postpone signature	27.4	30.8	18.5	29.3
Refuse to sign	36.9	26.2	24.5	40.2
Don't know	15.8	12.8	15.9	14.5

The conclusion seems to be that the attitude of the average Italian is on the whole conciliatory. If Italy's demands for a reasonable revision of some of the clauses in the treaty could be met half way, the majority would accept the verdict as unavoidable and cooperate loyally with the United Nations. But most Italians believe that the treaty is unjust with respects to Trieste and Venezia Giulia, and therefore if the draft cannot be modified, at least in that direction, there is the risk that no Italian Government, neither Right nor Left, will take the responsibility for signing it.

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Communications

"SOUTH BAITING"

Lexington, Ky.

TO the Editors: After reading your review of "The Song of the South," and your mention of the "decadence in our American South" (page 196) in your December issue, I am too angry to write very persuasively, but I feel that I must plead with you to discontinue what I honestly feel is irresponsible "South baiting," and substitute something constructive. I don't see what you hope to accomplish with your present policy.

Possibly the thought has never occurred to you, but there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the Southern racial problem, not so much with regard to objectives as to methods. Will you please ask an intelligent Southerner—there are such, you know—to write an article on the race problem and its solution from a *practical* viewpoint. I would suggest as author some priest of a Negro parish, who should certainly know the problems intimately. Or a Southern bishop might have a broader view, and by "Southern" I mean a Southerner by birth, and therefore someone who can approach the problem with native understanding.

The New York press has been carrying on quite a campaign these last few years, and, although it is a temptation to say something about the pot calling the kettle black, I'll pass over that. Just consider, however, what the natural effect is when we read in national magazines (and suppose it to be the sentiment of the rest of the country in general) that we in the South are just plain mean, lazy, selfish, cruel and ignorant. At any rate, I hope that none of you gentlemen of the press are under the impression that you have helped the situation any with your sniping, because if you do you are are sadly deluded. The evidence is all to the contrary.

MARY E. BALITSARIS.

THE ESTRADA INCIDENT

TO the Editors: While all loyal Catholics will agree with James D. Breen (issue of November 29) that Cardinal Copello has the right to do as he did, at least according to the recognized authors, I personally wonder whether this is not the crucial question of our day. I can't help remembering what happened to the English hierarchy under Henry VIII, except the one and lonely Bishop of Rochester! Or think of Cardinal Innitzer's famous "Heil Hitler" in 1938, or of the wing of the German hierarchy led by Archbishop Groeber and Bishop Berning! "Without sacrificing principle" they made "every concession" to "protect" the Church. What is now the uppermost concern of the Church: its apparatus, its written rights, its legal protection, its institutions, its revenues and the security of its members in their jobs? Or are the consciences uppermost? The sad case of Germany ought to be a warning. This is written on the Feast of that Saint Ambrose who chased an almighty emperor and his proud retinue from the gates of his church and told him to wash off the stain of blood, shed by his lieutenant in the Salonica blood bath. He seemed to have had a different idea of protecting the interests of his Church!

AMICUS ECCLESIAE ET VERITATIS.

LEPERS' CHRISTMAS FUND

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: At this holy season the Society for the Propagation of the Faith once more appeals to the generosity of the readers of THE COMMONWEAL to help the lepers of the world.

It requires courage for the casual visitor to make the rounds in a leper hospital. It needs greater and more constant courage to care for the bodies of the victims of this disease and to lead their souls to the portals of eternal life. However, to continue their work, to provide the medical and material care necessary for the physical and spiritual well-being of their charges, our priests and nuns must turn to their friends in America.

Offerings may be sent to the Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in your own diocese or to:

Right Rev. Msgr. THOMAS J. MCDONNELL,
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.
109 East 38 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

ART AT NIGHT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Art galleries and art museums should be open in the evenings because the vast majority of human beings are busy, and should be busy, until five o'clock or later. No worker can spare time, or effort, to concentrate on the activity of others during working hours; especially an activity so intensely personal and overwhelmingly fascinating as the study or the contemplation of works of art.

Those who have worked all day, and are at last free for recreation and inspiration, can find plenty of doors leading to futilities. But the doors that should welcome them to one of the bulwarks of civilization are closed. It has been occasionally suggested that those who work all day may well go to art exhibitions at the weekend. This however, seems a peculiarly unwise and heartless point of view, since to be free for church services and much-needed outdoor exercise is undoubtedly desirable. But the evening, when the day's strain is over, would seem to be the best time for mental and spiritual refreshment, not alone for the so-called underprivileged but for all creative and professional men and women, employers and employees. Without expense, except for a little carfare, the beauty and splendor of the history of civilization may become the imperishable possession of all who hunger for beauty, or for the sane and satisfying companionship of other human beings who are also longing for spiritual self-development and the basic happiness that comes from spiritual and mental experiences shared with others.

Thoughtful revision of schedules would of course be necessary. But if art museums and art galleries were closed in the mornings and open in the evenings, in case available funds would not permit so long a period of public service as an entire day and evening, the tiny

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minority who might be inconvenienced by such a change could adjust their lives to benefit the great majority. Public funds are constantly lavished on the sad effort to combat crime and delinquency. If our great institutions, created for the benefit of humanity at enormous expense to public and private benefactors, could provide peace and happiness and inspiration for those most in need of such help, *when they most need it,* rather than later, when loneliness and unworthy association have complicated the problem, such institutions would be even more worthy of our confidence and gratitude.

If you who read these lines, and approve the idea, will supply me with a good sheaf of letters, I'll have chapter and verse on which to act. Write only a few words:

"Dear Mrs. Gardner, I'd like to have art museums and art galleries open in the evening. If this change is made, I, myself, will go in the evening. Sincerely yours," and your name and address.

ELIZABETH RANDOLPH GARDNER,
The National Arts Club,
15 Gramercy Park, New York 3.

The Screen

Queens in the Parlor

ONCE AGAIN some of the brightest female stars are up to their old tricks and glittering like mad in pictures that could or could not be improved by an absence of this brilliance.

With *"Humoresque"* I am not sure. When this Fannie Hurst novel was first filmed during the twenties, it was about a struggling violinist who finally rises to the top of his profession. His mother, who skimps and suffers through the years, really has cause for distress when her son, on the verge of success, almost throws his career away for a *femme fatale.* In the new version Joan Crawford plays this wealthy patroness; and this rôle, originally meant to be a small one about a designing woman who takes over the violinist, now becomes a big one that takes over the picture. John Garfield, as the violinist with the temperament of a genius, is proud, sensitive and intense—but he plays second fiddle to Miss Crawford's interesting and disturbing performance as an alcoholic nymph. In fact the story of this twice-married, unhappy, possessive woman has enough material for a full length movie of its own. Scriptwriters Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold muff the ending by using the easy suicide cliché to dispose of the woman.

The original "Humoresque" story has by this time been pretty well distorted anyway. Perhaps this old plot would seem over sentimental now, so it doesn't matter; the new plot, however, illustrates the difficulty of putting two stories together, especially when one of them concentrates on a dynamic character portrayed by Crawford. Jerry Wald's good production is helped considerably by the fine musical score used in background and plot. Jean Negulesco's direction relies on talk rather than on camera; and there are just too many shots of Crawford with a glass and Garfield with a violin. In the supporting cast, Ruth Nelson is excellent as the mother, and Oscar Levant, talking a steady stream of wisecracks instead of dialogue, will please his admirers. At times it becomes difficult for us to take Crawford and Garfield seriously when Levant kids them so effectively.

And with *"Magnificent Doll"* I am not sure either. Perhaps this cinema version of Dolly Madison's story could have worked out with someone else in the lead rôle. In spite of Irving Stone's script which juggles facts to make a dramatic plot, the picture uses cinema nicely to illustrate some points on democracy that easily bear restating now. Burgess Meredith, as the humble idealist James Madison, and David Niven, as the power-hungry politician Aaron Burr, give interesting characterizations. But Ginger Rogers in the rôle of Dolly Madison—with well-plucked eyebrows, Lily Dache hats and gorgeous gowns—emphasizes the Doll character of this famous woman so heavily that it is difficult to believe her more serious aspects. This is especially so in the big speech Stone wrote for the scene in which Dolly saves Burr from a mob of lynchers. The argument used in this speech might convince a mob that lynching is undemocratic, but I doubt if Miss Rogers's oratory would even hold her listeners, to say nothing of swaying them. The film's production is excellent, especially its sets which look like the real thing. Horace McNally and Peggy Wood stand out in the supporting cast; and the picture has other assets which make me regret that it is not a success as a whole. Burr's story and the failure of his dreams for an American Empire should make fascinating movie material; perhaps it can be told as "Magnificent Aaron" without the sugar coating.

For the fiasco called *"The Wicked Lady"* one can hardly blame the star. It is an ill-conceived period piece about a bad, bad woman who first steals the fiancé (Griffith Jones) of her good friend (Patricia Roc) and then soon gets bored with her wealthy husband and becomes a highwayman. She joins forces with a notorious robber (James Mason) and runs the gamut of crime. Margaret Lockwood really does the best she can. It's hardly her fault that the results are more funny than interesting. Since this picture, with one of the year's silliest scripts, came from England, I am forced to take back my previous statement that the English are sending us only their best films—alas! PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Some Americans

WAYNE ANDREWS

PERHAPS the most painful vogue in the annals of literary criticism is the current insistence on "interpretation" in biographies and histories. Forgetting that any arrangement or emphasis of facts is in itself an interpretation, many critics are positive there is no better introduction to the past than a sermon. If the author refuses to preach, the least he can do, according to these critics, is to warp the character of a dead man to fit modern specifications. Thus Napoleon III, no matter how different he may be from the dictators of the 20th century, must be presented as the incarnation of Hitler in the 19th century.

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Mr. H. J. Eckenrode, the author of "The Randolphs of Virginia" (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75), is fortunately too much of a scholar to sermonize on this distinguished Virginia family. Nor does he make the mistake of comparing the Randolphs with the Roosevelts or any other family of our time. One could wish, however, that Mr. Eckenrode had discovered the semblance of a theme to unify his book. There seems to be very little in common between Peyton Randolph, who cried out that he would give 500 guineas for a single vote to defeat Patrick Henry on the Stamp Act, and Edmund Randolph, Jefferson's successor in the State Department. Edmund Randolph, as many of us may remember, was forced out of the government as the result of an indiscretion committed by the French minister Fauchet.

Easily the most interesting of all the Randolphs in Mr. Eckenrode's book is the neurotic John Randolph of Roanoke. Once an admirer of Jefferson, this Randolph broke with the President over the Yazoo frauds, to spend the rest of his life venting his gothic anger on whomever crossed his will. One of those who displeased him was his cousin Ann Cary Randolph, whose first husband was one of the "tainted" Randolphs of Bizarre. When, not long after his natural death, Ann Cary Randolph became the wife of Gouverneur Morris of New York, Randolph of Roanoke decided she was no better than a murderess. "What do I see?" he wrote her. "A vampire that, after sucking the best blood of my race, has flitted off to the North and struck her harpy fangs into an infirm old man. . . . If he be not both blind and deaf, he must sooner or later unmask you, unless he too *die of the cramps in the stomach.*" Ann Cary Randolph, who was a woman of some spirit, replied in kind to her uncousinly cousin.

"I am but sinking into an opium-eating sot," Randolph of Roanoke was soon to declare, "but,please God, I will shake off the incubus before I die." Death did not overtake him until he had the satisfaction of expressing, in his usual willful fashion, his contempt of the policies of both John and John Quincy Adams.

Adrienne Koch and William Peden, the editors of the excellent one-volume edition of the writings of John and John Quincy Adams (Knopf, $4.50) summarize the careers of the two Adamses in two admirable essays, then leave us to form our own opinions of the two Presidents, neither of whom was a great thinker, but both of whom were fiercely devoted in their own preposterous way to the public good.

Though one might criticize Miss Koch and Mr. Peden for omitting that famous letter of John Adams in which, after a look at Philadelphia, he reached the conclusion that "the morals of our people are much better," one cannot be too grateful to the editors for including so many of the letters of John Adams in his old age to Thomas Jefferson. Reading them over, one gathers the impression that Adams was, in one respect, the greatest capitalist of the revolutionary era. Never too busy to review the events which led to Independence, always eager to accent the importance of the rôle he played, he succeeded in creating for the Adams family a vested interest in that vague property known as American history. With such a great-grandfather, it was only natural for Henry Adams to suppose that the ambitions of the Adamses and the highest destiny of the American people were one and the same thing.

If James Monroe, the subject of William Penn Cresson's biography (North Carolina, $5.00), was more modest than either of the Adamses, he was also infinitely less intelligent, as most readers of Mr. Cresson's honest work will agree. Monroe, it seems, rarely made a decision of his own. Whenever a crisis arose, he wrote to Madison and Jefferson for advice and usually carried out their instructions. Since their advice was worth taking, Monroe's eight years in the White House were not unconstructive.

How such a man as Monroe managed to make so many friends in France at the height of the Terror is one of the mysteries of American history. Mr. Cresson suggests that Monroe, who was not overly imaginative, took it literally when told to cultivate good relations with the new French republic. Monroe could scarcely believe the news the day that Washington asked for his resignation as minister.

But for his close association with Thomas Jefferson, Monroe might have been one of the "Lost Men of American History" traced by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan, $3.50). Racing through our past, Mr. Holbrook has sketched the achievements of dozens of characters who, in his opinion, have never had their share of fame. This does not mean that Mr. Holbrook has taken it upon himself to eulogize insignificant men at the expense of the dramatic. No one in the cast can be accused of being a dullard.

One of the lost men is Frederick Tudor, the ice king who amassed a fortune popularizing ice cream and iced drinks in the tropics. Another is Bennett H. Young, the daring Southerner who did his bit for the Confederacy by staging a $200,000 hold-up in St. Albans, Vt. Still another is Christopher Ludwick, the patriotic baker of revolutionary times.

Since Daniel Coit Gilman, the first president of Johns Hopkins, has long been recognized as one of the most influential figures in the history of American education, he can hardly rank as one of Mr. Holbrook's lost men. Yet anyone who reads Abraham Flexner's short biography of Gilman (Harcourt, $2.00) can't help feeling that this educator should be even better known. Determined to build a great graduate school with Hopkins's money, Gilman refused to lose hope when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on which the university depended for its endowment, suddenly stopped paying dividends in 1887. Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, in Maryland, continues to flourish.

If none of the books so far considered in this brief review of recent contributions to American history can be criticized on the score of sermonizing, no book more clearly illustrates the possibilities of objective history than Burton J. Hendrick's "Lincoln's War Cabinet" (Little, $5.00). Too delicate to force his conclusions upon the reader, Mr. Hendrick retells the oft-told but never-to-be-dismissed story of Lincoln's difficulties with his cabinet in such a way as to suggest that there is an absolute delight in judging for oneself the merits and shortcomings of the men around the President.

Mr. Hendrick is such a practiced historian, his style is so graceful, and his earnest researches so unobstrusive that one hesitates to compare anything he writes with the average book sold over the history counters in our bookstores. "Lincoln's War Cabinet" is so superior indeed to most of the books on American history published in 1946 that it might well be sold over a special counter devoted only to works of permanent importance.

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More Books of the Week

Lord Weary's Castle. Robert Lowell. Harcourt. $2.50. *A Man in the Divided Sea. Thomas Merton. New Directions.* $2.50.

ROBERT LOWELL, whose second book of verse, "Lord Weary's Castle" has just been published is a young, new poet of tremendous importance, who is both Catholic and classical. He writes in tight, tapestried metres, hierarchic in form and feeling. His verse, though full and rich, is trim as a yew quincunx, tailored as a box edging: he seems to have pared and whittled away every excrescence, every unessential, till the taut lines, clean as a whistle, dovetail effortlessly, polished like old, warm ivory. And always, at all levels, there is that continual awareness of his Maker, which Wallace Fowlie, writing of Rimbaud, said increased in the ratio of a poet's greatness (at which Miss Babette Deutsch cavilled, querying: were the authors of "Hamlet" or "Ulysses," so continually aware?)

Whether Mr. Lowell writes of New England whalers, and ends his poem

> hide
> Our steel, Jonas Messias, in Thy side

or of Napoleon crossing the Berezina, when

> the snow
> Blazes its carrion-miles to Purgatory

or of grandfather Winslow, dying of cancer, or of our Lady of Walsingham, who

> knows what God knows
> Not Calvary's Cross nor crib at Bethlehem
> Now

his mind has all its windows opened, and its rooms are chilly with that draught of wonder and pity upon which is borne the terrifying commerce of the divine mind. But the same wind disturbs our dust, that must, as Saint Francis de Sales told us, "receive the gale"; and Mr. Lowell takes up where Mr. Eliot's "Four Quartets" left off.

Yet there is nothing remote about this verse: it is concrete, dour, hewn from the same quarry as New England quays or Cézanne's:

> When the drowned sailor clutched the drag-net. Light
> Flashed from his matted head and marble feet
> He grappled at the net
> With the coiled, hurdling muscles of his thighs
> The corpse was bloodless, a botch of reds and whites
> Its open, staring eyes
> Were lustreless dead-lights
> Or cabin-windows on a stranded hulk
> Heavy with sand.

Robert Lowell is of those Boston Lowells who talk only to Cabots, but, like a Cabot, he talks only to God, and his God is ninety-nine named: He is the Jehovah of the early settlers, the tohu vabohu—formlessness and emptiness—of the Quakers and the

> fearful *puer natus est*
> Of Circumcision, . . .
> Time and the grindstone and the knife of God.
> The Child is born in blood, o child of blood.

Thomas Merton, like Robert Lowell, is a convert. But there resemblance ends. Thomas Merton is a Trappist monk; Robert Lowell is married to Jean Stafford, a young novelist no less outstanding a writer in prose than he in verse. Thomas Merton is a romantic: these two, since poets hunt in couples—Racine and Corneille, Pope and Dryden, Shelley and Keats, and, latterly Rilke and Lorca, Eliot and Auden—may well be the Dioscuri of our day.

Both have a responsiveness to nature which is direct. O, that any one of us could see a chair as van Gogh saw, or

> the small trees, a stream and hedgerows file
> slowly along the munching English lane
> like cows to the old shrine

as Robert Lowell, or hear the

> bamboo trees click in the wind like rosaries

with Thomas Merton, or dare pray with him that God should

> wring us always, at the centre of our inward earth
> Artesian secrets for the roots of love.

Or could watch, as he does in his song for our Lady of Cobre

> The white girls lift their heads like trees
> The black girls go
> Reflected like flamingoes in the street
>
> The white girls sing as shrill as water
> The black girls talk as quiet as clay.

or hearken to our "heartbeats, lisping like a lizard in a broken cistern."

Thomas Merton's poems are golden persimmons; the fruit is sweet, but the aftertaste is bitter; for all the deceptive softness of his lines, somewhere into his sea a wormwood star has fallen:

> Go back to bed, red sun, you are too late
> And hide behind Mount Olivet
> For like the flying moon held prisoner
> Within the branches of a juniper
> So in the cages of consciousness
> The dove of God is prisoner yet.

For all his tenderness, for all he is a romantic, there is not a moment of treacle: only bitter honey.

Here are lines from "The Candlemas Procession":

> Weep like our bodily life, sweet work of bees
> Sweeten the world, with your slow sacrifice
> And this shall be our praise
> That by our glad expense, our Father's will
> Burned and consumed us for a parable.

Ultimately, all great writing must be Catholic writing: it is only a question of levels of awareness, of degrees of consciousness. So "Hamlet," and "Ulysses"—both Homer's and Joyce's—are indeed saturated with that realization of their author's Author, which Miss Deutsch so much deplores. So far, the twentieth century, has had, in the literary field, little to commend it beyond a few religious novels, and a few pious poets. Joyce and Proust, traveling inside-out; Kafka chasing

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the pursuing Judge down the endless corridors of his own soul; Thomas Mann finding, in the "Magic Mountain," transfiguration by dissection; Koestler, asking Pilate's question of a blank mirror hung on a bare wall in the noon darkness; and, making up a required seven, Georges Bernanos, Graham Greene, François Mauriac and Evelyn Waugh. With Robert Lowell and Thomas Merton two poets have arisen in the forties, who should be as important for their century as Eliot and the later Yeats were in the twenties, Auden and Spender, for the thirties. "Who is your two-O?" "Two, two, for the lillywhite boys, clothed all in green, O."

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Memorial. Christopher Isherwood. New Directions. $2.75.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD'S novel is a deliberately balled up affair. It has a contrived structurelessness of plot and trackless characters engaged aimlessly in uncertain undertakings. There does emerge from the disconnected sequences something like a memorial to the 1920's, in which decade the action takes place: Book I, 1929; Book II, 1920; Book III, 1925; Book IV, 1928. The fragmentary episodes, half-depicted characters, unresolved situations all aim to evoke a memory of the bewildering chaos of the twenties. In this sense the book is an appropriate memorial to that brecciated era. The title refers specifically to the memorial erected at Chapel Bridge to the dead of World War I, a scene which constitutes one of the more distinctive passages in the book.

The characters are a little like the people in Noel Coward's plays: irresolute, wayward, "brittle." They wound one another, indicate subsurface emotions of strange origin, and are kind and cruel by turn. Somehow or other some of them seem to be related, precisely how one is hard put to explain. Perhaps the author in this way illustrates that dissolution of family and pride of family which today is a characteristic of both England and America. Indeed, with the exception of Vernon and Blake, surnames occur rarely. One arrives at the conclusion that the name of a man is unimportant; though what is important is not told either.

No review of this book should fail to mention Chapter I, section V, which relates the attempted suicide of Edward Blake. In this blood-spattered scene the author effects a triumph of realism with economy and precision. You feel as if you had put a bullet maladroitly through the roof of your mouth. As writing there is nothing else in the book to equal it. No judgment is rendered of Blake's action. His only comment is, "I've mucked it." This same objectivity obtains throughout the entire book. The author displays his characters and their actions; never by inference or attitude does he suggest censure or approval. The conversion of Eric to Catholicism is merely stated; we have no idea why or how the conversion was effected. It just was.

These antithetical episodes are not heart-warming: they leave one with the sense that the world is a cold and salt plain whereon men move aimlessly to no destination.

This is an American reprint of the English edition of 1932.

CHARLES DUFFY.

The World of Idella May. Richard Sullivan. Doubleday. $2.75.

IT IS HARDLY necessary to write a whole novel to put across convincingly (in theory at least) the idea that a young man should think twice before marrying the first eager pretty girl. Mr. Sullivan has much more to say than this. But on one reading I cannot say for absolutely certain whether he was chiefly concerned with a thoroughly satisfying and antagonizing portrait of a girl who was more single-mindedly absorbed in everything about herself, especially in her power over men, than most of her self-conscious contemporaries. Possibly he intended "The World of Idella May" as a commentary on the end product of an American midwest environment conditioned by high school, small town, movies, coke joints and soap opera.

In any case the spotlight consistently plays on Idella. At first she seems unbelievably "dumb" for a girl of her age and experience. But that curious combination of knowledge and naïveté may be currently accurate for a twenty-year-old in a small midwestern town. As the story smoothly progresses the impression changes. Could anyone quite so savagely and so short-sightedly go after what she wanted? Finally, her attitude toward her husband, her home, her everyday life and her possibilities of future conquests becomes so warped as to border on the grotesque. When called to account she has her answers at tongue-tip, as she has the faculty at the drop of a reproach to construct a dream world where for her all is calm and cosy and secure. If anything goes wrong you can be sure that Idella feels quite innocent of any responsibility for it. Her rights, her petty pleasures, her cheap romancing have prior claim in every situation. The sooner her parents and her husband recognize this, the better for all concerned, in Idella's view. And she acts on it consistently letting the chips fall as they will.

In contrast with all this energy, color and shallow wilfulness, the lineaments of her serious and unfortunate young Catholic husband are of the most shadowy sort. He is marked only by unbelievable patience and the incredible compassion which he feels for Idella at the end, a sense of pity which the novelist in his benevolence seems to share. It would not be the first time that an author had been more devastating than he knew.

Mr. Sullivan is most to be commended in this, the third and most important of his novels, for creating the little world which went into the making of Idella May. When he writes about Idella's home, her parents, her school friends, the local gin mills and soft drink joints he has the authentic touch. That is probably Richard Sullivan's principal interest here. His latest novel is more successful at presenting the genuine feel of a small town midwest than at creating character. But I must admit that Idella is a case. It is good satirical commentary.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Grand Central. David Marshall. Whittlesey. $3.50.

THE ROMANTIC appeal of New York's Grand Central Station (and I know it should be *Terminal*) is a plain fact. Perhaps this is because of its extraordinary location, at a natural crossroads for pedestrian traffic, which makes of it an institution far more than a place you arrive at or depart from. Perhaps it is because its

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architecture is thoroughly romantic and thus appeals to New Yorkers and cosmopolitans—both likely to be romantic people (be it noted that here is the main trouble, architecturally). But I suspect that there is a deeper reason, a deeply esthetic reason, and Mr. Marshall has caught it and conveyed it surprisingly well. Grand Central is a magnificent working plan. And any nearly perfect plan somehow subtly wins the affections of those who use it without their being quite aware of how their affections have been enlisted.

The problem was to construct, against the barriers of an appalling natural site—solid granite—a railroad terminal which would serve the needs of hundreds of thousands of commuters as well as those of the more self-conscious patrons of crack western and northern long-haul streamliners or, as they were called thirty-odd years ago, flyers. All track approaches and the yard fan had to be underground, i.e. cut through that granite, for several miles. And the situation within the city of this station was at a milling nexus of pedestrian and vehicular traffic—for which adequate facilities had also to be provided. Moreover there was the question of revenue. How to prevent the scheme from being a crushing economic burden on the railroads involved?

A large share of the credit for the solution of this general problem of plan must go to William J. Wilgus—who rarely gets any of it. The architects involved—particularly that choleric and childish romanticist Whitney Warren—are better known and better deserve to be forgotten, since their activity was, to put it mildly, unethical. But others added their wonderful mites to Wilgus's grand conception of a yard acting as basement and sub-basement to a score of great buildings, all of which would produce rental revenue. And the result comes very close to perfection.

To convey all this in a book without tedium and excessive explication was a terrifying task. Mr. Marshall has done it. And he has done it as much by unobtrusive planning of his own—literary planning, which makes for smooth and interesting and consecutive reading—as by anything else. He has patterned and plotted his book so that it takes on all the forward movement of a well-told and paced story rather than sagging under the static dreariness of plain expository writing. "Grand Central" should please almost any human being, young or old, who gives a hang about railroads or the world's most famous depot.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

The Divine Right of Capital. C. E. Ayres. Houghton. $3.00.

IGNORANCE may be bliss—to the ignorant. But it becomes a matter of concern to the community when such ignorance permeates the intellectual strata and threatens to lead popular thinking up a blind alley.

"The Divine Right of Capital" bears eloquent testimony to C. E. Ayres's blissful existence. As an exercise in pure fantasy it would be harmless enough. What lends it an ominous air is the fact that the author is Professor of Economics at the University of Texas. The thinking it espouses presumably is the mother-milk on which a generation of "economists" is being reared under his tutelage.

Professor Ayres believes he has found the answer to our most pressing economic problems. His theory is simple enough—far too simple in fact. He looks at past depressions and sees their cause, along with many others, in underconsumption. There, however, he parts company with the doctrinaire New Dealers. Pump priming and related techniques are far too devious for his taste.

Instead he proposes to give each family a minimum of $2,500 a year—unburdened by such considerations as need and a means test. This he feels will once and for all cure the lack of spendable income. Where will that money come from? Progressive taxation is the author's answer, plus certain automatic effects which, past experience leads him to believe, this added purchasing power is bound to produce.

A few examples will suffice to show the type of thinking by which the author reaches his conclusions. How does he, for instance, get his figure of $2,500. Why not $2,000 or $3,000? It seems that somewhere along the line he read a 1934 study by the Brookings Institution which purported to show that through full production in 1929 families could have been assured that base income. What has happened to the gross national product, industrial production, costs, prices and incomes since then seems of little concern to the author. So, for example, he applies this $2,500 yardstick of 1929 against 1936 incomes (again because, perchance, that was the year of the nationwide survey of consumer incomes) and finds that 87.43 percent of all families were receiving less than that figure. Nowhere is there even an allusion to the fact that cost of living had dropped by more than 19 percent during this six year interval after 1929, and that consequently figures for the two years are in no way comparable; that, in effect, a very substantial share of such added purchasing power would have been dissipated on higher prices because 1936 output was only 6.5 percent under 1929 levels.

Another good illustration of the lack of understanding or disregard of economic facts which characterize this book is its treatment of the rôle of savings and investments. Ayres states bluntly, "It has been proved again and again that industrial equipment is not produced at the expense of consumers' goods." The fact that our war production couldn't get under way because basic materials had first to be diverted to plant construction, and the fact that Mr. Ayres and 130,000,000 other Americans weren't able to buy cars, refrigerators and other durables during the time of war production doesn't seem to faze him one bit.

Nowhere in this book is there indication that the author has stopped to think just what his proposal would mean in terms of the balance of the national economy. Nor does he seem to be aware at any time of the possibility that the snowballing effect of his $2,500 base might lift all costs and prices to an infinitely higher plateau and thus reduce the real purchasing power of this amount to even less than present-day unemployment compensation.

Possibly the most serious indictment to be made against this book, however, is that its muddled thinking might lead others way beyond the point at which the author presumably would like to call a halt. To give just one example, Mr. Ayres falls hook, line and sinker for the Marxist doctrine that war is simply a necessary evil of capitalism. He says, "The perpetuation of capitalism by deliberate, periodical resource to war is an impossibility," and then again, "Limited capitalism might be achieved in some countries, but absolute capitalism might continue to prevail in others which would therefore still be potential disturbers of the peace."

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Many Live and Die

. . . in the midst of plenty, spending cheerfully for many things. Yet during their whole life they seem unmindful of the claims of the missions on their charity. Our Lord said, to us all, "Teach all nations!" There are still over a thousand million pagans to be taught, and some sixty million pagans here in the United States, if reports are correct. You will wish to be prompt in doing your part to fulfill that great command. It will help if you are generous to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, whose work it is to help all the missions medically, here and in the fields afar. At 10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y., your offering will be gratefully received and used to good purpose.

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The inevitable conclusion, when applied to today's political realities, would mean that all countries outside of Russia and her satellites constitute the real danger to peace. It is doubtful, indeed, that even Mr. Ayres would accept this conclusion—though it logically flows from his own train of thought.

No, it does not seem at all probable that Ayres was aware of just what he was writing. Maybe his theory is best characterized by a term he himself applies to one part of orthodox economic thought: "Really it is not a theory at all, only the standardization of ignorance."

HENRY BUND.

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